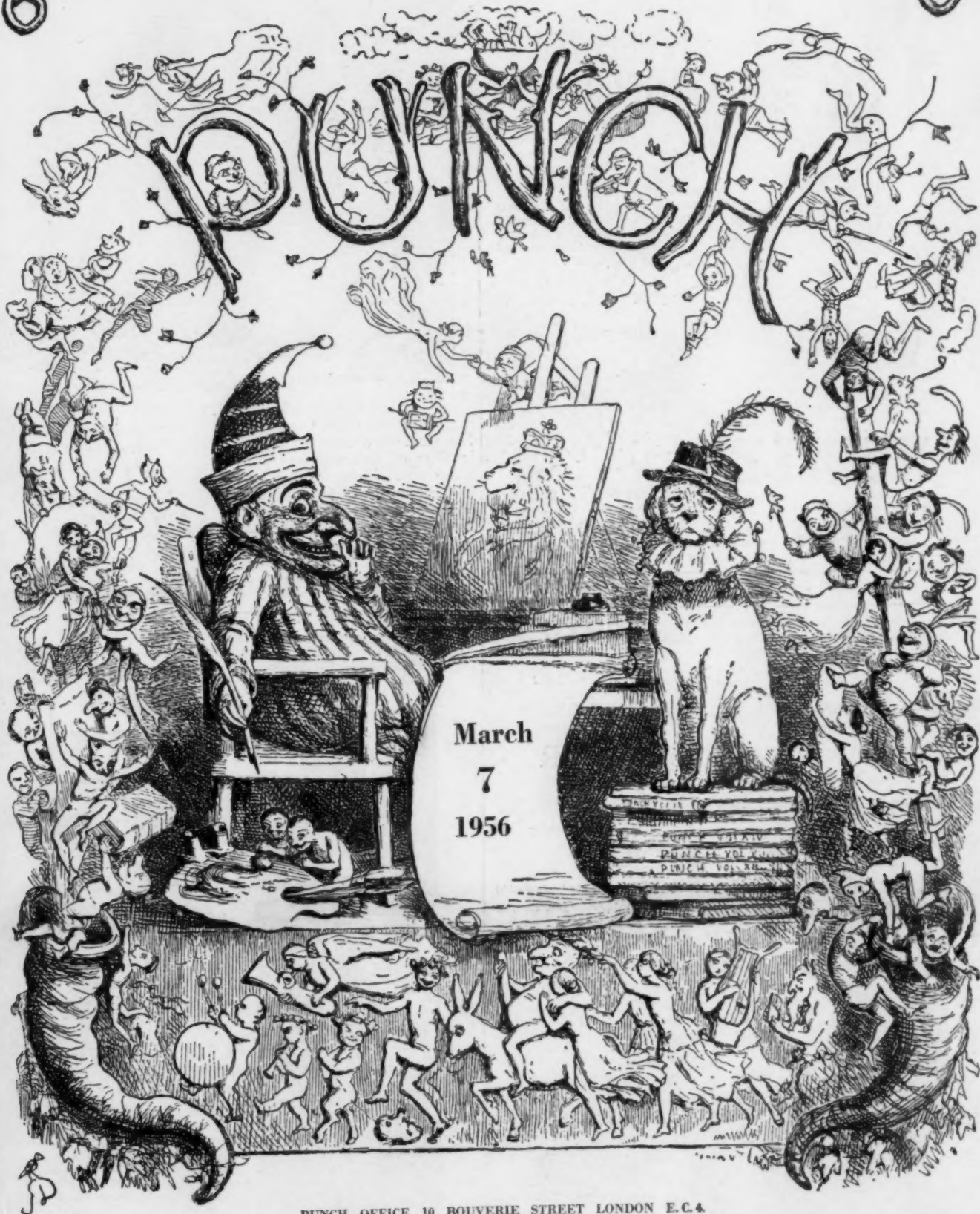


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PUNCH or The London Charivari—March 7 1956

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milk chocolates
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KUNZLE *Silent Pack*
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Barrie Scottish knitwear is the concern of the Bordermen of Hawick whose sole criterion is consummate perfection. Haste and speed enter not into the scheme of things, for here the loveliest of cashmeres and lambswools are conjured into garments of lasting beauty. Soft as swansdown and a summer's cloud, infused with tints of nature's gentle palette, these contemporary classics are born only of skill and time-won knowledge.

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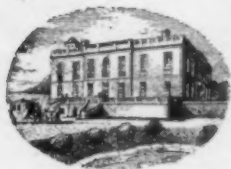
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GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD., 20 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4



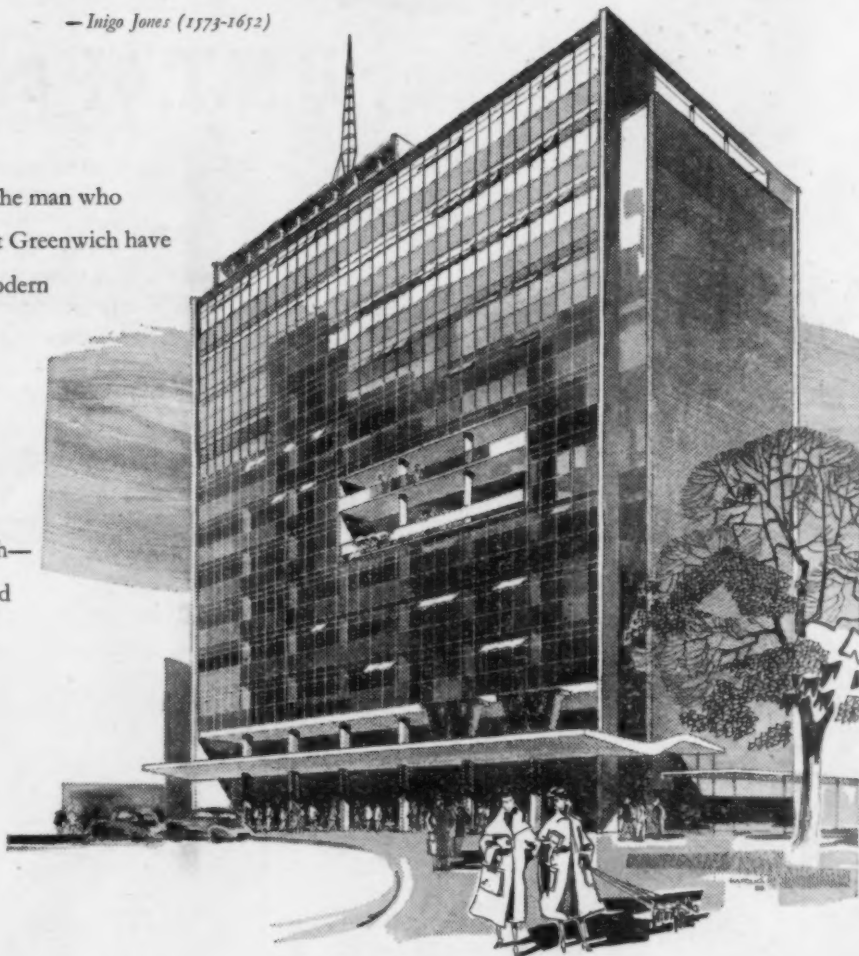
"Sollid, Proporsionable . . . Masculine and Unaffected . . ."

— Inigo Jones (1573-1652)

Can the architectural ideas of the man who designed the Queen's House at Greenwich have any possible relationship to modern techniques in construction?

We think so.

Wallspan is a speedy, labour-saving method of outer wall construction employing new materials to form facades which—while 'solid, proportionable and unaffected'—introduce a new atmosphere of light and air into workaday buildings.



What Wallspan is. The weight of modern buildings is borne by the structural frame; the outer walls are nowadays a protective facade only. Wallspan is a grid of aluminium alloy formed of vertical and horizontal members. The grid is bolted to the building's structure. Into it go windows and doors. The wall is then rapidly completed with suitable panelling.

Speed! One man can handle the Wallspan grid members. Joints are simple and there is an absolute minimum of fixing components. As a result, even multi-story walls can go up in a few days!

Beauty! A great variety of infilling panels is available in glass, metal and other materials, in numerous textures and colours. So your architect has unusual scope for beautiful and functional design.

Comfort! You can have panelling which gives up to 50 per cent better insulation against cold—or against heat—than 11-inch cavity brick walls.

Space! The Wallspan grid need be no thicker than 5 inches; the panels no more than half that. That means *extra* rentable space all round each floor.

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Why not have a word with your architect about the possibilities of Wallspan for any new building you may have in mind!

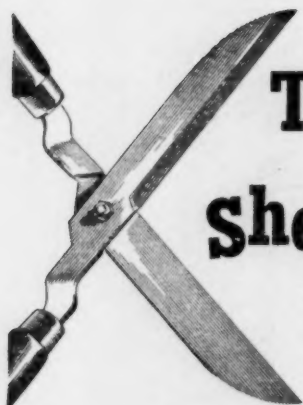
WALLSPAN

CURTAIN WALLING

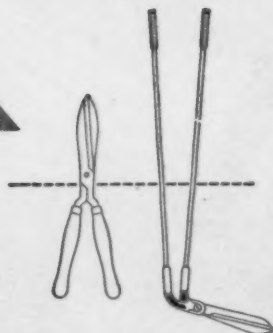
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RELIANCE WORKS • CHESTER

WALLSPAN IS GOING UP ALL OVER THE WORLD



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Obtainable from your "Pro" or Sports Dealer.

- ★ It still folds into the smallest space in the shortest time.
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But Dad made something called a Trust—I'm not quite sure about the details. Anyway, the Westminster Bank looks after the money and pays my school fees and arranges about my pocket money and all that sort of thing. I must say they're jolly decent about everything. I go and see the man at the Bank sometimes, in fact we're pretty friendly really. He seems to take an *interest* in me, if you know what I mean —makes a fellow feel sort of comfortable . . ."

The Trustee Department's Services are fully described in a booklet called 'The Westminster Bank as Executor or Trustee' available free of charge at any branch of the Bank.

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Pastel mood in a Sanderson room—
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Airy-faerie patterning the walls;
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See *how* pretty prettiness can
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Sir Compton Mackenzie

has his own way of testing whisky



He explained his method to a fellow Scot, the well-known actor, HUGH McDERMOTT

'It's true I wrote a book called *Whisky Galore*, but I know better than most that it requires a sensitive palate to tell the difference between a whisky you gulp down and another you want to sip slowly. As a matter of fact, before I accept any whisky as a long drink, I always try a little of it neat first.'

'I noticed' – said McDermott – 'that the whisky you offered me is smooth and velvety. It tastes mellow, and to me it has something of the smoky bog

and the old ferns. Does this describe your own feelings?'

'Yes – what it really amounts to is this; a whisky is really enjoyable when it is good enough to be drunk at leisure. But, you know,' – said Sir Compton – 'Grants Stand Fast has passed my test long ago.'

'Yes, Grant's is a most pleasant whisky.'

'I agree, it is a whisky that you go on enjoying. Isn't that the final answer?'

*This conversation between Sir Compton Mackenzie and Hugh McDermott was recorded at Sir Compton's Edinburgh home

when the clans gather its

Grants STAND FAST

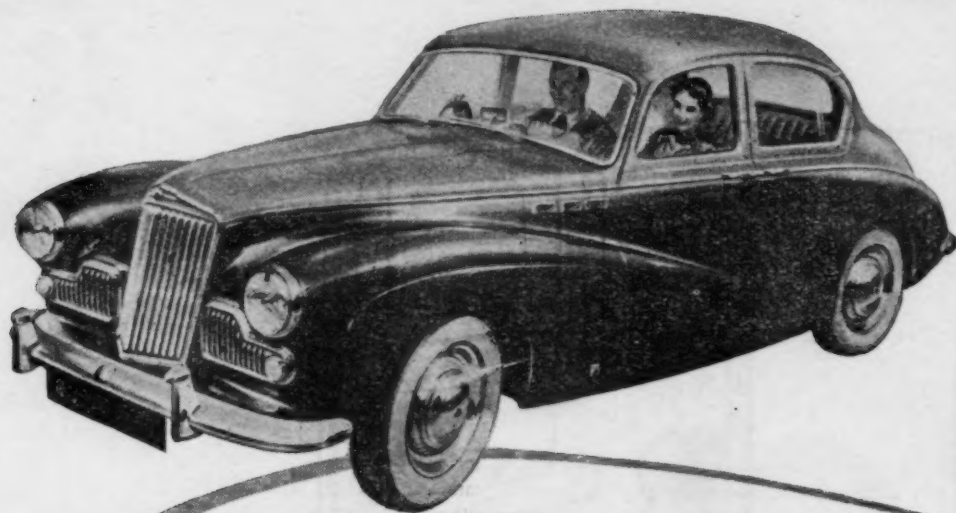


Keeping cool
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A lot of things you own—maybe your refrigerator is
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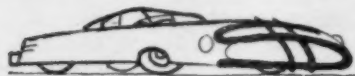
Mk III SPORTS SALOON



THE Home Secretary was neatly caught during the second capital punishment debate: enticed by Mr. Montgomery Hyde into a gruesome account of the appointment, training and duties of executioners, he should have seen that he was merely building up for Mr. Hyde's supplementary question about "compensation to these gentlemen for the loss of their offices"—and the inevitable "(Laughter)" reported in *The Times*.

Purchase-Tax Fitted as Standard

MOTING correspondents are showing signs of alarm over lack of imagination in the British car industry, and one of them demands to know if anything is emerging from our factories



"that hits the public by its unorthodoxy, its revolutionary shape, or hitherto unthought-of design and conception." There's always the price.

Ordered Existence

THOSE I.T.A. viewers who are still staying switched on at natural breaks in the programme will have noticed that the whole nation is in bed just now, with devoted spouses dispensing miracle pick-me-ups out of large economy-size bottles. The television advertiser rams home seasonal topicality with dedicated single-mindedness—and I.T.A.'s first year has virtually three seasons to run. Spring will be here in what it is fashionable to call the foreseeable future, and viewers should prepare for cartoon figures of poets, and eight-bar close-harmony jingles rhyming cuckoo with somebody's shampoo. Then the summer (cricketers speaking well of detergents), and the autumn (falling leaves and falling hair neatly equated), and we

shall be back where we came in, more or less, with Santa Claus beaming through his cotton wool about domestic disinfectants, electric polishers and delicious canned puddings. When the twelve months are up, families with long memories should be able to throw away their diaries and calendars: they will only have to see the first sneeze of the season flash on the screen to rush upstairs in a body and get their thick underwear on.

Who Threw That Golden Egg?

INDUSTRIAL figures of speech, though battered and mutilated with years of use, have a few new twists in them still, and a speaker addressing an A.E.U. wage-claim demonstration managed to ring a change on the "bigger share of the cake" image when he announced, to applause, "One day we will want the whole cake." No one pointed out, however, that by then they might have eaten it.

For the third week we are compelled by labour difficulties to appear with fewer pages than usual. Readers' indulgence is requested until normal issues are resumed.

Almost Human

A Moscow report says that the Soviet Academy of Sciences is working on an electronic translating machine "which has already put a short English sentence into Russian." No!

Anything After "Stinks"?

NOTHING must be left unclassified, unanalyzed or unmeasured in these technological times, and scientists at the University of Chicago have been busy on a code of food-reaction phrases for American soldiers, running from "favorite" and "like intensely"

through "mighty fine" down to "loathe," "despise" and "terrible." Units of the U.S. Army serving in this country and liable to eat an occasional meal out of camp will of course be supplied with a downward extension of the vocabulary.

Sure of Shells

RUSSIA's new small car, says a Moscow broadcast, will seat five people, "is capable of sixty miles an hour, does



more than sixty miles to the gallon" and is called the Belka (Squirrel). Hard-pressed British manufacturers are starting the rumour that it leaves a trail of nuts.

Any Minerals?

THE anti-liquor policy of M. Mendès-France, implemented by M. Faure, and inherited by M. Mollet, has led to vigorous propaganda in the stations of the Paris Métro, where many thought-provoking display specimens include somebody's cirrased liver in a glass jar. It is too early to say what success has attended the campaign so far; many Parisians may not take it really seriously until similar exhibits are made compulsory in cafés and restaurants.

Dial WEA

Winds blowing chill,
Barometer unsteady?
Thanks, Dr. Hill,
We know it all already.
With faithfulness
We follow each revision,
By radio, and Press,
And (twice) by television.

Workers in Cement

By CLAUD COCKBURN

YOU recall, of course, the candidate for the Foreign Office whom they asked to say what he considered the most important thing in life, and he said "Well Love, actually, I mean sort of," and the examining body said "Oh, quite, well yes, that's a point of view, but what do you consider, in that case, the second most important thing in life"? And he said "Oh American relations, of course," and they said "Absolutely right." Which is what not only Tony and Foster and Roger and that lot are getting on with trying to make a go of, but also the Philco Corporation of Philadelphia whose top salesmen, winners of a competition for selling things to people, are by now, as I understand it, somewhere between Beirut and Guam, heading Eastward after a piece of relation-cementing in London which reflects credit on one and all the publicity men involved, and the Mayor of Philadelphia and the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

What everyone wanted to do was show these salesmen—fifty-six in number—the English Way of Life, and show them pretty darn quick because they didn't have more than a few hours before dashing on to see the French, the Italian, the Syrian, the Indian and the Guam Ways of Life.

You know, and I know, that about the most typical sight in Britain to-day is that of a Scots piper, a bus conductress, a pearly king and queen, two Chelsea Pensioners and a postman whooping things up at the invitation of some leading American Corporation at some leading hotel in Park Lane. If the American Ambassador is also on hand that gives the gathering just that touch of more than specially English Colour which overseas visitors appreciate like Cheshire cheese and the work of Charles Dickens.

Some, though not quite all, of this got reported in the newspapers, and what was exciting to this correspondent was the story in the *Daily Telegraph* not only listing the piper, pearly king, etcetera, but stating that there was also a Thames Waterman "and other established English Types." One was naturally astonished to find that there were any "established English-Types"

other than pearly kings and Chelsea pensioners, and without delay telephoned the organizers of ye olde gathering to find out who else had made the grade. Any bankrupts, or M.P.s? What about literary men and escaped convicts?

The man at Philco was co-operative but a little uncertain about the edges of the picture. He said that to his recollection there had certainly been a postman there, and he rather thought, a policeman—"one of your London Bobbys, wonderful, wonderful people." He suggested we check with the advertising agency which, it emerged, had been engaged to engage a publicity agency to put on the party. (Keeping Anglo-American relations jolly isn't quite so simple as you thought.)

The advertising man confirmed the postman, added the bus driver and conductress, but could not recall any policeman. It was absolutely true, however, about the American Ambassador.

After their intimate peep at England, the fifty-six salesmen were to see the Lord Mayor—a fairly well-established English Type—and then take off for Paris, Rome, Beirut and New Delhi.

We had hoped for some news from the London headquarters of plans laid for parallel gatherings in these ports of call. What established types are going, for instance, to be laid on in Beirut? At this it sounded from our end of the wire as though our informants had gone

into some kind of conference and we distinctly heard somebody say "What about nautch girls?" and somebody else say "Tut-tut." (Incidentally, there were, it seems, some perfectly lovely girls at the London party, who established themselves without difficulty as good English types, though not, of course, so long established as the Chelsea Pensioners.)

Nobody can confirm this, but the impression here is that the Paris celebration will assemble at least three representative rioters who, if there is no Union rule against it, could carry on with the salesmen right around the world, bringing them a series of characteristic pictures of Olde Rome, Olde Beirut, and Olde Delhi. They do not have pearly kings in Beirut, but the vacant places there are likely to be filled by equally characteristic students of of Professor Toynbee.

In Delhi there is going to be quite a queue, headed by a typical Indian rope trickster and a very old, very plain Teller from the hills. People who know the Real India feel that Pandit Nehru should not be asked lest he give the travellers a false impression.

About Guam there is, of course, no difficulty—the only people at the party will be film technicians working on some more films about some more Marines. There is nobody else worth seeing in the Pacific and it is time this was realized.

And so home to California where three British poets and a small group of thinkers from Cernowitz are understood already to have signified their readiness to show the meritorious salesmen some interesting aspects of American native life.

A Perfect Blank

I NEVER think of anything
I did when I was free.
Though youth, they say, will have its
fling,
I never think of anything
That hasn't got a Party ring.
Big Brother can't catch me;
I never think of anything!—
I did when I was free.

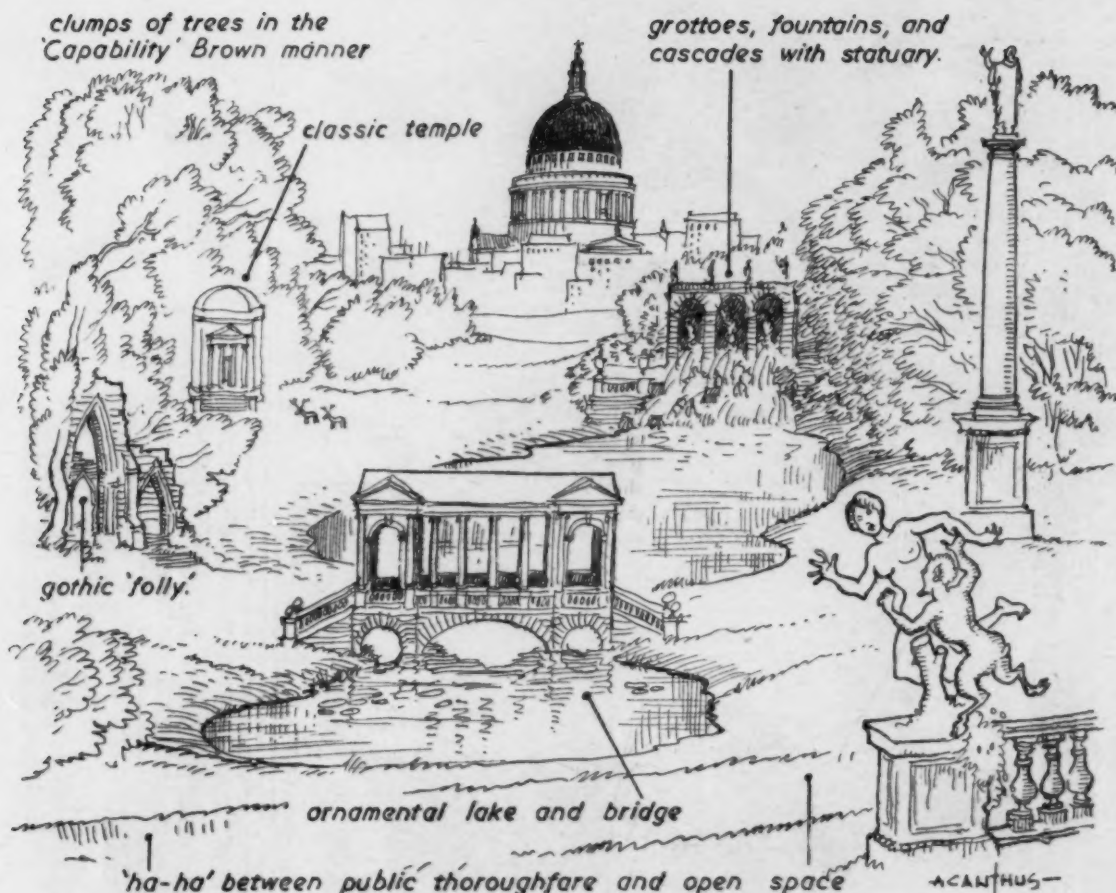
HAZEL TOWNSON



"I've been asked to get up a darts team..."



"I can fiddle a damned sight better than you."



In view of the length of time the Barbican and other City sites may remain undeveloped the above design for their improvement is suggested.

The Main Thing

By HUGO CHARTERIS

IT is not an easy thing.

But in the opinion of the permanent officials it is the Main Thing, because once a councillor has accomplished it he usually goes round the corner to "The Stag," or home.

Most councillors perform it unconsciously, and this merely makes more marvellous their technique, which is as follows:

1. Sit on Prosser's (the reporter's) right. He is deaf in his left ear and although the Convener usually asks him to sit on the radiator, which could not be further to the left, he never does.

2. Praise *The Trumpet*. There is only Prosser on it, so you can't go wrong. He is stringer for ten nationals.

3. Wait for a newsy item on the agenda. Then give it all you've got. This means stiff competition but it seldom fails.

4. Make a joke. Careful, though: it must be *sprung*. If they get warning of your intention their faces will congeal. But make them laugh and you're in.

5. Shock. This should be done very rarely and only politically and financially—never sexually or religiously. (Remember former Councillor Clunie and the District Nurse; former councillor Leppie and Sunday football.)

6. Suddenly start singing. Councillor McQueen got the inside splash in the *Express* this way.

7. Mention the duke who owns *The Trumpet*.

8. Shout a long speech—and if interrupted retort *at once*: "And wouldn't that be a drippie porridge on yer big chin."

9. Ask what happened to Queen Victoria's Jubilee present—to which ratepayers subscribed. (Still not delivered.)

* * * * *

Fat, jolly Allen Mackay, baker, fifty-two, knew all these dodges but had come to favour No. 3.

The other day he proved its worth again.

Water supply to No. 19 Argyll Terrace had, in every sense, raised a

stink the week before, and the complaints of the tenant were not properly met by the Water Engineer's theory of "peat overdrip."

The Rev. D. Blackie (Wee Free), who recently forced through an extra clerk for the Water Engineer, got up and explained overdrip for half an hour; suddenly a voice shouted "There's no such thing." This was the Rev. J. Thrush—(Piscy). "Someone left out the filters: Or sold them."

There was uproar. A window was broken. The Convener strained his thigh. The whole thing made a three-column splash in *The Trumpet* and two sticks in *The Scotsman*.

The matter was to be reconsidered at the next meeting.

Councillor Mackay had no hesitation in applying Principle No. 3 to the reconsideration.

With great care he phrased his interruption the night before and wrote it out, because impromptu he was inclined to stutter.

* * * * *

He set out confident. A hundred miles . . . But he was delayed by icy roads and only arrived when the question of No. 19 seemed to be dying quietly.

How was he to know the Water Engineer had revealed, under cross-examination from the Rev. Thrush, that the taps of No. 19 had been connected with the sewage pipe leading from the row of houses above?

He saw worn, heated faces; he saw a gum-boot lying on the rostrum near the Convener—but he did not guess.

So he thought with any luck he could get off his question, pat, and then go home.

Everything was just right: he was ten feet right of Prosser. And Prosser had cocked his head sideways and winked at him when he came in.

It would be a day when even Sinclair might get a whole line.

Evelich was speaking. For him it was a whole column or bust: "... that the Water Committee appoint a permanent expert to prevent the recurrence of this harmful confusion."

Sinclair: "And that the two views be considered impartially by a body." (There he went: it was like the peeling off of dive bombers—now there goes Lindsay—Prosser's pencil was drifting fast across the page.)

"Or was it connected with a seeecrit still . . .?" (Laughter: McLeod was in with that.)

"Or with an overdrip, isn't it?" (More laughter: another man in. It was going to be stiff.)

Sinclair tried again. Against etiquette this, and Prosser lifted his pencil: "Perhaps the fault was in the pipes."

The Convener was beginning to get the congested look which meant they must move on.

Now or never. Allen Mackay rose slowly. He always relied on manner and tone. Slowly, too, he raised his right arm, fully extended till it pointed at a spot by Prosser's head, and keeping it there he then read his interruption from a slip of paper.

"We should surely record," he said, "is this supply a mistake, or is it, chentlmen—considered policy?"

The insinuation of the last two words was, he felt, perfect. Slowly he sat down. Silence.

They were looking at him.

He was in. He felt it in his bones—and there was Prosser writing, and as he wrote he moved his head from side to side slowly like a man who has toothache but must carry on.

* * * * *

Reading *The Trumpet* and *The Scotsman* next day Allen Mackay read the large headline: "Water Supply was Sewage." It was a story: they would all be in. Even Sinclair.

He picked his teeth peacefully while he read, right down to his own interruption, every word of it. Then he said to his wife "Thon Sinclair's a grand ass. Never a word will they print of him."



"It's time we were heading north: Peter Scott's begun to moult."



Cartwright and his Four-footed Friends

A Load of Mischief

By OLIVIA MANNING

I HAVE sometimes suggested to my husband Cartwright that the guiding principle of his life is "Everything in excess." When he works he often works without eating or sleeping for forty-eight hours on end. He cannot be persuaded to leave a party while one other guest remains. If he is asked to bring home two pounds of potatoes he will bring with them half a dozen other sorts of vegetables, usually those most difficult to prepare. So it was that, having admitted one animal to his affections, he saw no reason why we should not have a dozen more.

He took to strolling, during luncheon time, through the Bird Market where he talked to the breeders and bought any of their wares they recommended to him. One day he brought in a canary, another a guinea-pig, then three white mice that could spin a wheel in their cage.

"They're special mice," he said, "black-eyed whites. Don't let Minky get them."

A few days later he came home hurriedly, in a taxi, carrying a jar of warm water in which swam a flamboyant red fish. He said "It's a Siamese fighting fish. The man says it will live for years if you keep it in slightly acid water at a temperature of 80 degrees."

"How does one make water slightly acid?"

"I've no idea. Oh, and it eats live food."

"What sort of food?"

"Mosquito larvæ, worms, small crabs, shrimps—things like that."

Of course Cartwright was too busy to look after these creatures himself; and, indeed, did not notice when they disappeared from the house. Only once did he make an inquiry. Looking up from his newspaper, reminded by something he had read, he asked: "By the way, what happened to the guinea-pig?"

"The man took it back."

"And the Siamese fighting fish?" He looked about him as though expecting to find it swimming at his elbow.

"I gave it to Madame Dufy. She has a fish tank."

Cartwright looked pained. He

disapproved of Madame Dufy's political convictions. "Will it be happy with her?" he asked.

"It's supremely happy. It's killed off all the other fish and now has the tank to itself."

"And the mice?"

"I gave them to Madame Dufy's small boy."

"I thought you liked animals."

"Some animals, darling."

Bewildered and slightly hurt, Cartwright did not visit the Bird Market again. However, though he ceased to search for pets, he did not cease to find them. The next animal to become a permanent member of our household

presented itself to us one chilly autumn evening when we were driving up to the *haute corniche* to have dinner with Miss Costello. On a lonely wooded stretch of road our headlights picked out a small animal sitting on the tarmac. It watched the car as though in no doubt at all that we would stop for it. We stopped.

"What can it be?" Cartwright asked.

"It must be a wild animal."

"It doesn't look wild." He descended and went cautiously towards it. I expected it to flee. Instead, it gazed confidently up at him with an appealing air of intelligence. Cartwright picked it up. It nestled into the warmth of his



"Another epithet to hurl at us—'overpaid'..."



coat. He brought it back to the car.

"It's cold," he said. "What can we do with it?"

"We could give it to Miss Costello. She loves animals."

But when we carried it into Miss Costello's drawing-room she gave a cry of horror: "Good heavens above, a belette, a furet—a what-do-you-call-it? A ferret. Take it out of here at once. It may attack my blue Persians. I won't have it in the house."

We put the ferret back into the car. When we returned home it returned with us. We called it Furet and kept it in a rabbit-hutch, hoping one day it would be reconciled with Minky and come indoors. The reconciliation never took place.

Our only clue to the appearance of Furet on the road that night came from a man, described by Cartwright as a

"sinister brute," who was talking at the counter of a shop where we bought wine. He was heard to say, in an *argot* not easy to translate, something like this: "When I get hold of the fellow who pinched my ferret I'll drill him so full of holes he'll look like a pepper-pot."

Cartwright left hurriedly, telling himself that such a man was no fit company for Furet.

I had kept the canary and we now owned a bird, a Siamese cat, a pony and a ferret. "It is too much, darling," I said, but it was not yet the end.

In late autumn Cartwright went to lecture at the Marseilles Institute. The director there was a thin, sour, little man called Turbott Williams. When the lecture was over Turbott Williams took Cartwright out to a café. With them went an English journalist called Plank who had flown over from Algiers.

By now the history of Biffo had become part of Cartwright's repertoire of comic stories. Plank was delighted with it, but Turbott Williams listened with the air of a man who has suffered too much to see humour anywhere.

"A horse is nothing," he said. "What do you think I've been landed with? Four dog-faced baboons."

The others roared at this. Turbott Williams morosely watched them until their laughter subsided, then he told his story.

A very distinguished and ancient American Professor of Anthropology, on his way from Africa to the States, had stopped off at Marseilles. Turbott Williams had invited him to lecture at the Institute. This professor, called Ira Klinkberg, had gone to Nigeria to collect fifty chimpanzees for the purposes of an experiment, but finding

chimpanzees rare and expensive, had settled for four dog-faced baboons. Turbott Williams had put the professor up for the night and lodged the baboons in a conservatory adjoining his flat. The excitement of the lecture and a reception given in his honour had proved too much for the old man. That night he died peacefully in his sleep. Turbott Williams had been left with the baboons.

"That's five months ago," he said. "And they're still in the conservatory."

It seemed the professor had died intestate and it was taking an unconscionable time to settle his affairs. Meanwhile, no one was willing to take away the baboons. The American consul would have nothing to do with them. The French authorities had rejected an offer of them, saying there was no shortage of baboons in the French colonies and, at the same time, warning the director that baboons were ferocious animals. He would be held responsible for their control. This warning was followed by another, given by some English ladies who had formed an animals' welfare society. They intended, they said, to call regularly to ensure the poor creatures were being kindly treated.

In despair, Turbott Williams had written to the University of Broadribb where Klinkberg had occupied the Chairs of Anthropology, Physiology

and Race Relations, only to learn the professor had retired twenty years before. The university authorities regretted they had no use for baboons. Turbott Williams then begged his London office to take the beasts off his hands or, at any rate, pay for their keep. The London office would do neither. As Turbott Williams' invitation to the professor had been an unofficial one, he alone was responsible for its results.

Gloomily he said "They eat ten pounds of bananas every three days. They've wrecked the conservatory. The flat reeks of baboons. The landlord's raising Cain, and, on top of it all, I can't get anyone to look after them while I take my leave."

Wiping tears of laughter from his eyes Plank said "There's always one thing you can do with an animal you don't want."

"What's that?"

"Send it as a present to a pal."

When Cartwright returned he told me about the baboons and Plank's comment. I said "Let's send Biffo as a present to Turbott Williams."

"That's a funny idea, but we couldn't do it."

"Why not?"

"You know we couldn't, darling. The poor chap has more than enough to contend with already."

Two days later I opened the door to an official from the railway-station. He

handed me a consignment note. Turbott Williams had sent us the baboons. They were at the station: ravenous, said the official, and creating a disturbance. The authorities required them to be removed immediately.

I said "Put them on the train and send them straight back to Marseilles."

That, said the official, was out of the question. The Marseilles Institute was closed and M. le Directeur had gone on leave. Before leaving he had taken the trouble to telephone the station at Mentone with this information. He wished us to be told he was writing us a letter from Cardiff.

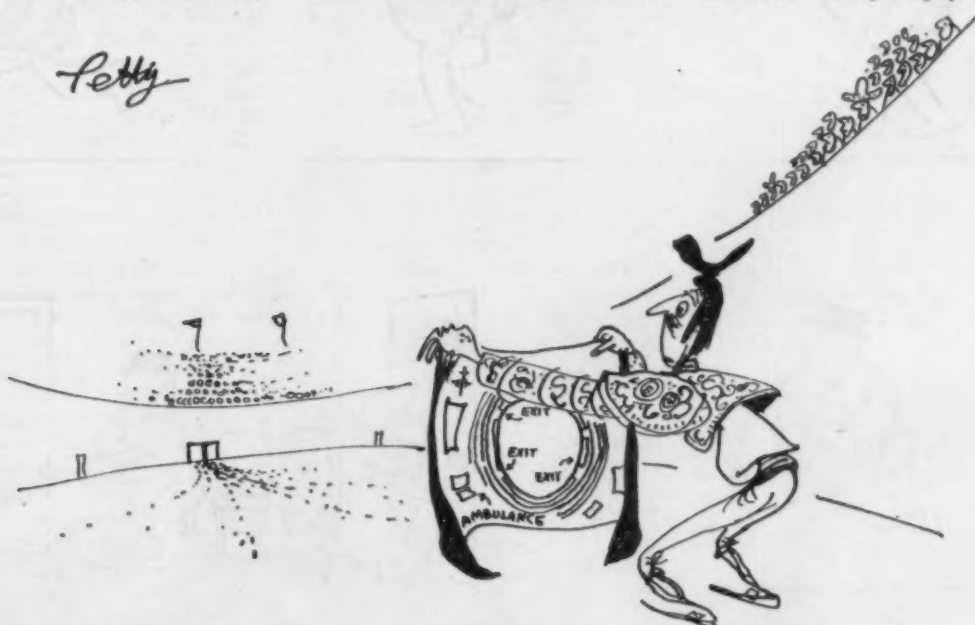
I took the consignment note inside and placed it before Cartwright. For some moments he studied it in silence, then he started to laugh. "It might have been worse," he said.

"You think so?"

"Oh yes. Be reasonable, darling. Supposing the professor had got his fifty chimpanzees!"

Just What We Feared

"Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, Deputy Allied Commander in Europe, arrived here this afternoon on a three-day private visit to General Gosnjak, Yugoslav Secretary of National Defence. Lord Montgomery said at the airport that he would see President Tito . . . When asked what the talks would be about, he replied: 'When soldiers get together, what do they talk about?'"—Daily Telegraph



A Ghastly Dew

By H. F. ELLIS

IT is extremely difficult to take balloons seriously. Even in the second half of the last century, the golden age of ballooning, it seems doubtful whether these unwieldy envelopes entirely escaped a taint of the ludicrous. A man who commits his body to a wicker basket suspended beneath a bag of gas and allows himself to be driven hither and thither over the countryside at the mercy of the winds inevitably sacrifices that control over his movements on which the dignity of the human figure largely depends; his courage is beyond question, but his appearance must always be something less than godlike. It could even be argued that the word "intrepid" acquired the faint flavour of mockery that now hangs about it through a too habitual association with balloonists.

The extraordinary modern custom of releasing small balloons from a net on to the heads of dancers below has not helped to raise the device in popular

esteem. It is now irredeemably associated with carnival and the shrieks of middle-aged couples. Its shape, too, is against it. The spherical is the enemy of the majestic, as may easily be proved by looking at the Moon through a pair of binoculars powerful enough to bring out its essentially laughable rotundity. Professor Piccard's diving apparatus, to take another sphere at random, was much too round for reverence. Whatever you do with a balloon, even if you load it with cameras and send it up to a height of one hundred and ten thousand feet, it remains a fat and foolish affair, liable to go off with a bang and cause roars of laughter.

Some of the early pioneers accepted the inevitable and exaggerated, instead of attempting to outface, the inherent preposterousness of their vehicles. Mr. Charles Green, for instance, had the right attitude when, at Vauxhall in 1850, he attached a horse to his balloon

and, mounting upon its back, allowed himself to be drawn up into the empyrean. So, but for an unwelcome touch of indelicacy, had Madame Poitevin, who a couple of years later made an ascent from Cremorne Gardens as "Europa on a Bull." It is significant that Queen Victoria, with her flair for avoiding the ridiculous, never went up in a lighter-than-air machine.

This deeply-ingrained feeling about balloons, manned or unmanned, does not appear to have been appreciated by Russians, when framing their recent protests to Washington, Ankara and Bonn. It is useless to try to arouse sympathy, or drive wedges, by complaining that the sky behind the Iron Curtain is full of unwanted balloons. One might as well complain of a plague of kippers or mothers-in-law. For once (or so it seemed to me) the Russians had a case, and with characteristic stupidity they bungled it. They ought to have played down the balloons, cut out all that



nonsense about photographing the Soviet Union, and concentrated on the leaflets. Then I, at any rate, should have been with them.

Either it is all right to shower bits of paper over other people's territory, or it isn't. Radio Free Europe have dropped two hundred and fifty million leaflets over Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia in the past two years; and what they can do others, with a little help from the wind, can do too. If the West is willing to accept the principle that drifting balloons, with their burden of propaganda, infringe no rights, where are we going to end?

It isn't the thought of reprisals from Russia that scares me. The prevailing winds, if my Atlas is right, can be relied on to take any balloons the Russians care to inflate straight to America. During the winter months, that is. In summer the arrows seem to point to the Sahara, where reading matter of any kind should be welcome. At odd times when (as recently) the wind does blow direct from Russia over the British Isles it is too cold to go out, and I don't much care what messages it brings on its icy breath. But it isn't only the Russians who might be tempted to air their views, and plead their case, by means of wind-borne leaflets.

A nightmare picture of the future, scarcely dreamed of by George Orwell, rises in my mind. I have just finished sweeping a couple of hundred copies of a poem in praise of Welsh Nationalism off my lawn, when the wind changes from West to North and the familiar sound of dry ice evaporating warns me that Scotland is on the air again. Sure enough, I get the best part of half a hundredweight of demands for fair play for the crofters, while the balloon itself (which would at least have made up into a wearable pair of pyjamas) falls into my neighbour's garden. It isn't simply the work of clearing up that gets one down; it's the damnable difficulty of avoiding reading the things. Time and again a line catches my eye as I dump a fresh load in the wheelbarrow, and I find I've wasted five minutes over the wrongs of Cornish smallholders instead of getting on with the job. Even as I read, perched a little uncomfortably on the handle of the barrow, stray bellyaches from the National Union of Teachers come fluttering down. The rose-bed is



covered with pamphlets entitled "Murder." There is an offensive caricature of the Postmaster-General sticking in the gutter over the front-door. I see no end to the business. "Stand by!" cries my wife as I straighten my aching back and catch up the tattered besom. "Eleven-plus balloons approaching from London." If this is *Tribune* again, I'm in for a heavy shower.

The reality may not be so very far off. It is some weeks now since *The Times* reported "ANOTHER BALLOON IN WILTSHIRE," adding that it was "the fifth to land in southern England in the last few days." And these balloons can have brought no harmless political squibs, no vagrant messages from Radio Free

Europe. The wind was in the north-east at the time, if you remember—blowing, as you might say, from the Metropolis. The matter was hushed up, but it's my belief the bummarces are better organized than people think.

"But I cannot vouch for the attendance of my fellow students, who certainly can neither afford to spend 5s. nor 3s. 6d. I hope the British Institute will realize that students are very appreciative and very keen playgoers; what should never be forgotten is that they also are a very poor lot.

Yours truly,
STUDENT."

The Times of Malta

Very unbiassed of you.

Saga of the Suburbs

Turning up Trumps

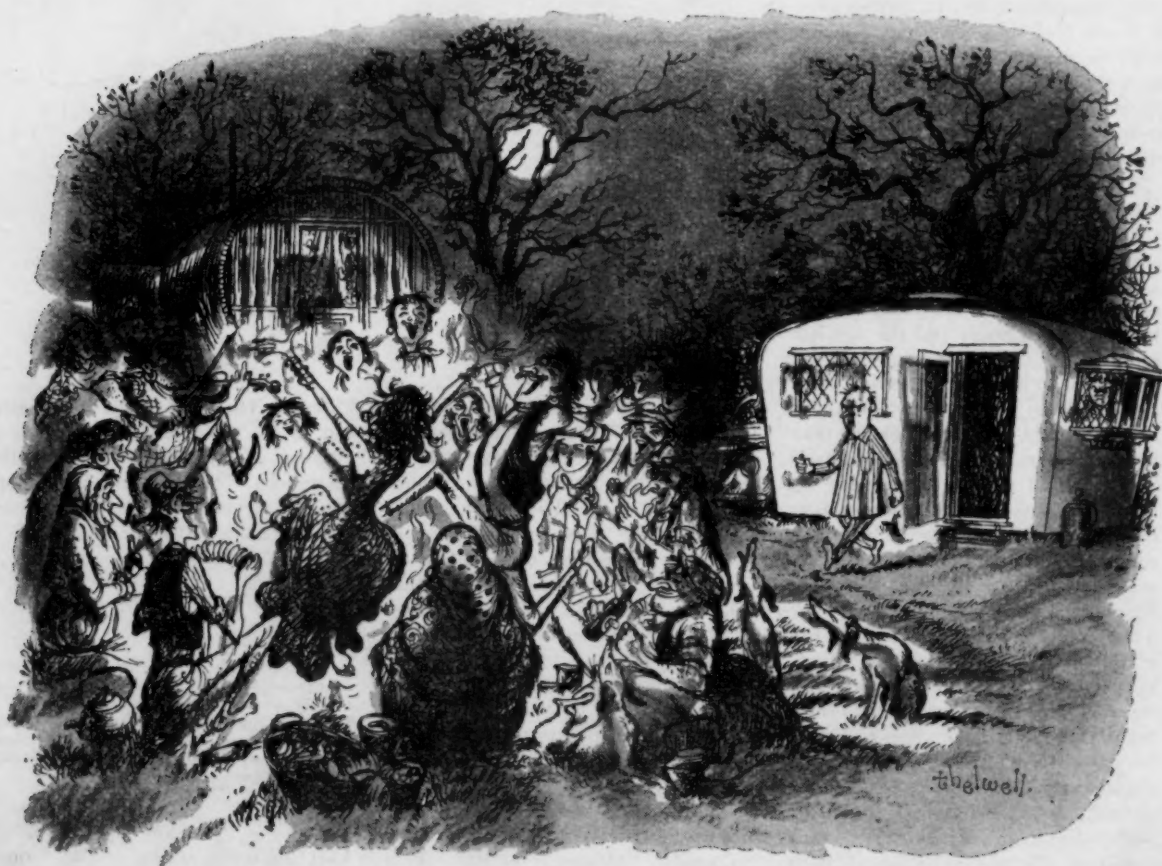
IN our metropolitan days, Bridge never directly impinged upon our lives. It was there in the back-ground, of course, like Fuji-Yama in a Japanese print, and possessed of almost similar sanctity. Either our friends did play the game, and therefore when we timidly mentioned the subject or hinted delicately that we had once dipped into a book by a man named Culbertson, would smile kindly, remark that, of course, it took years to make a player and suggest we might try Canasta. Or they did not play Bridge, in which case they held the whole subject of indoor games in such scorn that we never dared to bring it up at all. It was these who, before our departure for Talkington, had laid out a horrific picture of Bridge lurking in suburbia like some vast tarantula, spreading a web littered with

pencils headed with hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades, sandwich cutters in similar shapes, and tea napkins embroidered with the words "No Trumps."

But when we arrived in Talkington we admitted openly to ourselves that the thought of Bridge was rather attractive, and laid ourselves out to catch any hint of such activity that might come up. Once the ice had cracked, the hints were easily detectable—it became obvious that Bridge was as much part of Talkington as potheen of a stage Irish village, and rather more easily attainable. After a time we took courage in both hands, spoke modestly of the perusal of the Culbertson book, confessed to having learned whist when mere children, and bewailed the fact that beginners were such a bore for good players to play with. To our joy,

Bridge in Talkington turned out to be so unesoteric and the local players so enthusiastic that in no time at all the kind offers of instruction amounted to proselytization.

We are past the first agonizing growing pains now—we are beginning to remember not just what trumps are out, but what other suits as well. And in the social implications of Bridge in the suburbs there is little left for us to learn. In the past we had pictured suburban bridge gatherings as earnest gangs of women, or even men, concentratedly playing far into the smoke-obscured night, as we had gathered our London devotees did night after night in their clubs. Such gatherings no doubt do exist in Talkington. In our circle, however, it is just husbands and wives—and husbands *versus* wives. And as



regards Bridge, men remain men and women invincibly women. At the beginning of a bridge session, for instance, the husbands, who have had their fill of chit-chat all day in the office, settle down, fan the cards out into a long line and fiddle while they wait politely for their wives to cut first. They behave, in fact, with the unsmiling, concentrated eagerness of people who have finished with all the inessential preliminaries in city offices or government departments and are now fresh and ready for the real business of the day.

The wives, on the other hand, are panting for the first chance they have had during the day to hear any voices but their children's, and are also anxious for news of the outside world. Naturally they satisfy the conventions first—admire the flower arrangements, remark on the new cards or scorers, ask after Anthony's fifth tooth, inspect any new household purchases and report on new films, plays or charwomen before they get down to discussing Rosemary and Sally. In the meantime the husbands shuffle and re-shuffle, unfold their evening papers and glance at the crossword, raise shoulders and eyebrows in protest, until finally one or other of them is impelled to state categorically that anyone might think they'd come out to enjoy themselves, not play a serious game of bridge.

The wives have a slightly guilty appearance at this and take the hint sufficiently to concentrate magnificently for a rubber or so. But when one of them is suddenly plagued with a series of hands containing nothing higher than a Jack, her attention falters and wanders. She asks if the other wife knows that the So-and-So's have managed to sell their house in spite of the dry-rot, and at once conversation is in full swing. The husbands interrupt to say that anyone can play a *good* hand—the really interesting ones are those without a single trick in them. But the wives remain patently unconvinced.

After a further spasmodic effort to please her husband, one of the wives will glance furtively at the clock, in the manner of a secretary noticing that it is 10.45. The other, with lightning understanding, will enthusiastically agree that it is time for a break and refreshments. In spite of the basic rules which women have been learning since childhood, about the way to a man's heart being



through his stomach, and feed the brute, the husbands stop for refreshments only under protest, obviously ready to press on with the rubber unnourished, though they like a glass at the elbow.

To the wives, however, the interval food becomes of increasing importance. On our first bridge evening we had tea and biscuits—the return engagement included tea and cakes—the next was roes on toast, and nowadays when the wives' wandering eyes perceive that at last the clock says half-time, there is a ceremonious break. The hostess wife leaps to her feet, the guest wife rushes to help. The time in the kitchen provides space for getting down to tonsillectomies, the 11-plus exam, and whether one wife's hair being an inch shorter all round really does take ten years off her age. Sausage rolls, chicken patties, anchovies, ornamented canapés, asparagus tips, stuffed celery, shrimp sandwiches—enthusiastically the wives run the gamut of the cookery pages, as eager and inquisitive over trays as the husbands over the cards.

On the whole, the husbands are tolerant, muttering over the crosswords while the food is being prepared, eating what is put before them when it comes. But they cannot really conceal their anxiety to get on with the game—as they keep on saying, we are not there for idle pleasure. And if there is a sneaking suspicion that the wives are not madly keen on Bridge and simply

play in order to keep their husbands from rushing off to find devout, *proper* Bridge in clubs, that is never brought up in the conversation. For in the long run everybody is happy. The husbands would rather have a little Bridge than none at all. And the wives have their husbands *and* their neighbours for the mere cost of a little occasional concentration.

DIANA and MEIR GILLON

Respectability Blues

WENT down last night to the jazz club—

Didn't find what I went there for:
Came back with a sad, sad feeling . . .
Won't go down there no more.

Young Lyttelton sure done something
When he won with the old routines
On the playing fields of Eton
The battle of New Orleans!

Long time, jazz wasn't in fashion;
It was better that way, somehow . . .
Intellectual folks done find it—
I guess it's respectable now.

Don't give me that beat no longer,
Don't give me that razza-ma-tazz,
Now it's part of the white man's burden
To study the black man's jazz.

ANTHONY BRODE

An A.B.C. of Common Ailments

By G. W. STONIER

APPENDIX, Inflamed: malady of social critics, dons, biographers, left-wing scientists—when in danger of bursting, remove; swollen footnotes, cross indexing, acute controversy, etc.

Butler's Eye, from draughts in keyholes. Avoid keyholes; if necessary, plug with cottonwool. (Do not confuse with Butler's Grin, an insane optimism over accounts.)

Cad's Cramp. He is one of five, drinking. Four rounds have gone. He tries to slide his hand into his pocket; it won't go! "I know it's my turn," he says, disarmingly, "but, of course, I'm far too mean ever to, etc."—and leaves them to swallow that.

Divided Spleen is most likely to afflict the man of advancing years, who will hit out at everything, Tory and Labour, cats and dogs, men as well as women, Picasso and Sir

William Orpen: tempt with a little cold porridge.

Evil: not recorded this century.

Frog or Dolmetch's Twitch: the sufferer finds himself hopping in rainy parkland, plucking lutes, blowing recorders. A nose-flute will probably clear up the whole thing.

Gout (pronounced *goo*)—taste in everything. Is the hat-stand valid? Do the braces functionally satisfy? Epicritic sensibility, weepings over the style of weather reports, shudderings over rose-twined cottages on rivers. Remedy: chew a straw.

Hippopotamoid Growth: the patient—usually a woman—cannot resist turning gradually into a hippopotamus.

Itchy Thumb—always wanting to pinch housemaids. Where are they? Take up some such distraction as stamp collecting, and avoid hotel corridors and linen cupboards.

Jodhpurs (or premature Horse Tail): enlarged front teeth, yellow sweaters, breathlessness, loose-box talk; a rudimentary tail may cause distress in some instances, but will probably come out when its owner does . . . In the galloping form, may be dangerous.

Mild cases of Knitting need not disturb, unless accompanied by dreams of embroidery, when competent advice should be sought.

Lingering Guestitis: he or she can't leave but, invited to tea, stays for drinks and supper, bed, breakfast, and a lift to the station. Danger of lifelong adhesion. Cold shoulders must be applied early, or all else failing, summary ejection.

Moonstones and Carbuncles are usually harmless enough; the first real danger signal will be a Pearl.

Nycophobia or **Whites**: the patient kicks, foams at the mouth, tends to go to the right in circles. A season at Cannes, with plenty of beach football, should improve the condition.

Oblomov's Position. The unhappy victim is unable to leave his bed, which he imagines to be far more comfortable than the world outside, and if handed a newspaper will merely

point to its atom bombs, wars, strikes, murders, and adulteries, with the words "I told you so."

Pangst, ingrowing tale of woe, essentially feminine, derived from *angst* (Connolly's Mark): a light diet and a subscription to the *Economist* will work wonders.

Queue Pox, exceedingly contagious, and irritating in its walking or Crocodile form.

Reviewer's Rash: flushings—insomnia—inability to lay a book down—delusions of genius—search for quotations in the dark—pulse high and prose purple.

Spooner's Disease. A passenger standing on a railway platform puts a match to his mouth and throws the cigarette on the line. In extreme cases he may even throw himself, and should on no account be prevented.

Tic Humerosa presents the well-known clinical picture of hacksaw laugh, gripe, racked ribs, and split sides. Very painful. Theatres have a distressing influence. In hopeless cases there may be punning.

In Umbrella Arm the right arm is permanently held forward flexed from the elbow, giving an impression—confusing to foreigners—that the sufferer always wishes to shake hands.

Vox Populi: common in railway carriages and at election time; gargle well, spit, and abstain from strong words for a fortnight.

Windowbox fever, green fingers, drips, snuffles—eventually the sufferer cries "Mesembryanthemum!" and falls into the street.

A bad attack of Xmas may be recognized by a cottonwool growth about the lips in autumn, and the only known treatment is to leave the country at once.

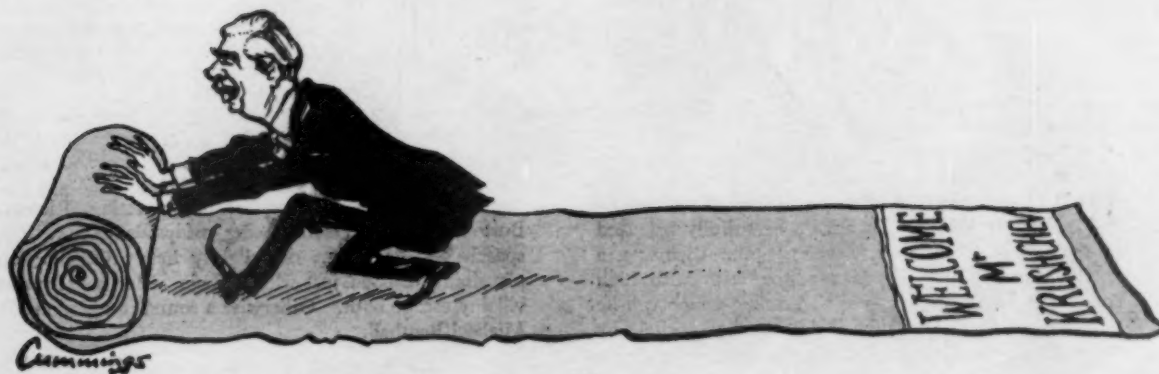
Yap (Cruft's Disease) is a trifling malaise, common on landings, which may, however, lead to Growl and Bite.

A **Zombi**: one who has read Marx and can never forget.

"For the younger woman there are charming waisted suit-jackets with short or even non-existent basques over a slim dress or pleated skirt."—*The Daily Telegraph*

We add this sort of basque later.





Criticism

AT THE PLAY



BURST mains and all other plagues of winter are forgotten at William Chappell's beautifully balanced production of *The Rivals* (Saville). John Clements, a notable Sir Anthony, heads a match team with high comedy at its finger-tips, and an evening which will be talked about for a long time is decorated exquisitely by Peter Rice. At the Old Vic the swapping on alternate

nights of *Othello* and *Iago* is disappointing, Richard Burton and John Neville being ready for neither. On speech Neville makes the slightly better *Othello*; on plausibility Burton just wins as *Iago*. But majesty and villainy escape both. Otherwise a sound production, by Michael Benthall.

ERIC KEOWN

BOOKING OFFICE

Alias Mr. Godall

THE adjective "Bohemian," as defined in the dictionary to-day, doubtless owes much of its origin to the behaviour and personality of His Highness Prince Florizel of Bohemia, who reigned in that country until a revolution "hurled him from the throne, in consequence of his continued absence and edifying neglect of public business." Certainly the Prince (or Mr. Theophilus Godall, as he preferred to style himself when engaged on an adventurous "evening ramble" through late-Victorian London) could be described as a "socially unconventional person, of free-and-easy habits, manners" etc.; for we meet him first in an oyster bar off Leicester Square, wearing "false whiskers and a pair of large adhesive eyebrows" and sipping brandy and soda in the company of his Master of the Horse, Colonel Geraldine: this latter—also a Master of Disguise—"dressed and painted to represent a person connected with the Press in reduced circumstances," and demoted, for the occasion, to the rank of Major ("He was cashiered the other day for cheating at cards.")

This "travestied appearance," however, did not detract in the least from the Prince's natural dignity, for even in the "half-maniacal society" of the Suicide Club, where he and "Major Hammersmith" shortly found themselves, "he charmed and dominated all whom he approached," though actually disappointed by the "flutter and big talk" in which the members indulged. ("It does not seem to me," he thought, "a matter for so much disturbance. If a man has made up his mind to kill himself, let him do it, in God's name, like a gentleman.") One of the members—a "remarkable suicide"—having embraced the Darwinian theory, had joined the club because he "could not bear to be descended from an ape"; yet the Prince's own ostensible pretext—"unadulterated laziness"—seemed frivolous even to the cynical President (a prototype of those hearty, ruthless rogues inseparable from the contemporary highbrow thriller), causing him to exclaim: "Damn it, you must have something better than that." Mr. Godall's "superior bearing," however, together with his second excuse—shortage of money—succeeded in convincing the President; and later, when the Prince somewhat callously congratulated him on organizing the demise

of the paralytic Mr. Malthus, he acknowledged the compliment "almost with humility."

It cannot be denied that the Prince did not come out of this affair altogether well; in accepting the terrible and stringent oath which formed part of the club formalities, and haughtily disregarding the earnest pleas of Colonel Geraldine not to risk his life in returning to the premises a second time, he showed little trace of the Olympian wisdom with which he is elsewhere credited; his remorse on drawing the death-card



seems a trifle out of place in one whose attitude towards the death of others was, to say the least, stoical: however, after a restorative spot of brandy had been administered by the President, he was prepared to face his fate courageously enough, though of course the faithful Geraldine was at hand to avert the worst. ("The Prince threw himself upon the Colonel's neck in a passion of relief. 'How can I ever thank you?' he cried... 'You can thank me effectually enough,' replied the Colonel, 'by avoiding all such dangers in the future.'")

One's sympathies remain largely with the Colonel throughout; for Florizel, though democratic in theory, reverted quickly to consciousness of his position if his whims were in any way questioned, even from the most altruistic of motives ("I was unwilling to remind you of the difference in our stations," or "My

dear Geraldine, I always regret when you oblige me to remember my rank," etc., etc.); moreover, the Master of the Horse's younger brother—murdered by the President in Paris and stuffed into a Saratoga trunk by the latter's one-time accomplice Dr. Noel—was shortly to be sacrificed on the altar of His Highness's imprudence. (The Prince, on receiving the trunk, accepted the presence of a corpse in it with his usual equanimity—"The sight of a sick man, whom we can still help, should appeal more directly to the feelings than that of a dead man who is equally beyond help or harm, love or hatred"—until he recognized the victim, when a paroxysm of rhetorical guilt ensued: "Ah, Florizel! Florizel! When will you learn the discretion that suits mortal life, and be no longer dazzled with the image of power at your disposal!") Worse still, the Colonel was not even allowed to fight a duel with the President when his brother's killer is at last held captive: the Prince took this duty upon himself, and the luckless officer had to be content with the sight of the President's blood upon his royal master's sword-blade. Nor is the Colonel mentioned in the list of those rewarded by Florizel for serving him "in this great exploit," though the Young Man With the Cream Tarts becomes "a comfortable householder in Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square," and the American Peeping Tom, Silas Q. Scuddamore, rises—rather surprisingly, in view of his timorous disposition—to be Sheriff of his native town.

Small wonder, therefore, that Geraldine ceased, apparently, to act as the Prince's aide-de-camp thenceforward, for he does not figure in the adventure of *The Rajah's Diamond*; though Florizel would appear to have learnt some sense from his connection with the Suicide Club, for he handled this later affair with sagacity and discretion: reuniting the lovers; banishing a delinquent clergyman to menial work in Australia; denouncing and confounding the ex-Dictator of Paraguay; and finally hurling the offending jewel into the Seine, under the very eyes of a French detective sent to arrest him ("Amen," said Florizel, with gravity, 'I have slain a cockatrice!').

"I had rather," he added to the astonished police officer, "be a detective of parts and character than a weak and ignoble sovereign": an almost prophetic utterance, for soon afterwards the people whom he had ruled for so long in *absentia* revolted against him; and he became (as Mr. Godall), if not a detective, a *deus ex machina* presiding

over a Cigar Divan in Rupert Street, Soho, as readers of *The Dynamiter* will be aware: "take him for all in all, the handsomest tobacconist in London."

J. MACLAREN-ROSS

Inside Africa. John Gunther. *Hamish Hamilton*, 30/-

Facts darken the nine hundred and fifty pages like locusts, three or four to the sentence, sometimes connected, sometimes just strung together like beads on a necklace. Africa is a big place, and it would be too much to hope for *all* the facts; Mr. Gunther will tell you how the Masai do their hair, but nothing about their gods or their tribal organization. Now and then he will venture on a conclusion. His opinions are strongly coloured by the American mistrust of "colonialism," and his conclusions are frequently odd; for instance, he thinks the Mahdi "freed" the Sudan.

But one doesn't go to Mr. Gunther for opinions; it's those facts that make him. What endless busy, incurious note-taking must have gone to their assembly! Under their pitiless gleam the whole of Africa is illumined as sharply as a theatrical back-drop, and as deeply. Here is the thickest-ever guide-book for the fireside traveller; but the student of affairs will have to get inside Africa some other way.

B. A. Y.

Selected Letters of Henry James.

Edited by Leon Edel. *Hart-Davis*, 16/-

James's letters are here brought together in a manageable selection. Although grumbles have been heard from those who want more or different examples, this volume covers a great deal of ground and is successful in what it sets out to do. We are, for example, shown James as a businessman dealing with publishers and editors, a side previously kept in the background. We see his work in attempting to rectify the non-adherence of the United States to the international copyright agreement. Of

Gladstone's government in 1885 he writes: "anything more shiftless and uncourageous than their conduct in foreign affairs it is impossible to conceive." He is accused of getting his English fashionable diction wrong: "A year ago I went for six months to the St. James's Club, where (to my small contentment personally) the golden youth of every description used largely to congregate, and during that period, being the rapacious and shameless observer that you know, I really made studies in London colloquialisms." Best of all, he is asked by *Harper's Bazaar* what was his favourite fairy story: "... the dreadfully dim and confused and obscure memories of my antediluvian childhood. I'm not very sure I had a favourite fairy tale, etc., etc. ..." In the end it turned out Hop o' My Thumb was "my small romance of yearning predilection."

A. P.

In Time of Trouble. Claud Cockburn. *Hart-Davis*, 21/-

A good many of these entertaining chapters in a larger-than-life story have appeared in *Punch*; but there is plenty of new autobiographical material and an unobtrusively consistent historical argument. Mr. Cockburn's angle on inter-war history is odd; but the argument should not be ignored in amusement at the wildly entertaining surface. Mr. Cockburn is a rattle. Whether he is throwing himself into Hungarian Nationalism or leaving the staff of *The Times* for the *Daily Worker* or running *The Week* he is plausibly improbable.

He jumps from anecdote to anecdote with no time wasted on tracing slow growth. The character that emerges is intelligent, excitable, gay and reckless. He is the upper-class eccentric whose sword is used to prick rather than to hew. Presumably further volumes will cover his career during the last sixteen years, though with so full a life there is no particular reason why he should ever stop recounting and embellishing. No doubt the laws of libel prevent his publishing a Secret History of his own time; but he ought to leave one behind him in manuscript.

R. G. C. P.

King James VI and I. David Harris Willson. *Capc*, 30/-

Suetonius, who had no qualms, should have depicted King James. Brought up by Scots divines, but early corrupted, he had learnt in penury and danger to handle the savage aristocrats who kidnapped him with comic regularity. The youth who made a dash from Scotland to win a Danish Princess was cunning and clever; his pen was fluent, his tongue eloquent, if bawdy. His judgment was flawed by vanity and sentiment.

In England he soon went to pieces. When both Salisbury—his "little beagle"—and Prince Henry died, government degenerated. He was a bad diplomat and mishandled his Parliaments, if he knew where to stop. A tipsy maudlin wreck,

he hugged his favourites and babbled of Divine Right. Professor Willson has admirably portrayed this baroque character, wonderfully undignified. But James at least began the Royal patronage of the Turf and introduced Arab blood at Newmarket. He had a mania for hunting, and when the Spanish King sent him an elephant its captivity was enlivened by a daily gallon of wine "from September to April, a period during which its keepers declared it could drink no water."

J. E. B.

The Town Traveller. George Gissing. *Methuen*, 7/6

Gissing was the saddest of all writers. Lonely, unappreciated, deprived by poverty of travel, for which he longed, he gives to his work a greyness like English winter. He remains difficult to appreciate. *The Town Traveller* is the exception. Written with a Dickensian cheerfulness, it does not share Dickens' more sinister aspects. It belongs to the days when interest in the aristocracy was paramount. It echoes the case brought by the widow who persuaded herself that her commonplace husband had really been a lord in disguise. *The Town Traveller* is about a real lord who, under the name of plain Mr. Clover, bigamously marries and occasionally lives with a lower-middle-class wife. Nosing round this situation and interfering whenever possible is an entertaining crowd of Cockneys, chief among them Mr. Gammon, the town traveller, and his mysterious friend Greenacre whose interest is genealogy.

The book has about it a ninety-ish smell of gas-lamps, fog and cheap eating-houses, with much of the charm that, at this safe distance, surrounds the late Victorian era.

O. M.

Sybil Thorndike. J. C. Trewin. *Rockliff*, 12/6

A blessed muscular cramp arrived only just in time to divert Sybil Thorndike from music to the stage. Her career has been such a whirlwind, covering an array of parts that would have killed half a dozen ordinary women, that Mr. J. C. Trewin has done very well to compress it with so much good judgment into such a brief compass. Excellent photographs collected by Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson march with his text, and from the documentation only a map of the various Thorndike-Casson missionary expeditions taking the theatre to remote territories is missing.

Mr. Trewin says rightly of our greatest actress that she is the Siddons of her time, with a range wider than the Siddons ever had—"crusading always, she has ridden the world as a generous idealist." As a classical tragedienne she has grandeur, passion and serenity; and no one can be funnier. Splendidly typical of her whole outlook is her advice: "If you've got no audience then act to the kitchen poker."

E.O.D.K.



AT THE PICTURES: Cinema Sketchbook

"Winston Smith" in
'1984' - Edmond
O'Brien

BIG BROTHER

SHERIFFS

James Daly as
"Colonel Horatio White"
in
'One Man
Mutiny'

The
Leitmotif
in
'1984'

Orson Welles
as
"Othello"

Gary Cooper
as
"Billy Mitchell"
in
'One Man
Mutiny'

Suzanne
Blouet as
"Desdemona"

a Thought
Police man
'1984'

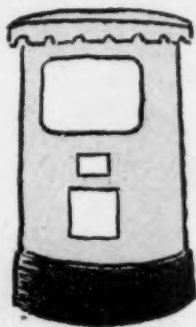
Jan Sterling
as "Julia" in '1984'

ANTI SEX
LEAGUE

"Honast Jago"
Michael MacLiamove

ON THE AIR

A selection of new designs from the spring TV catalogues



The "Pickles"



The "Dimbleby"



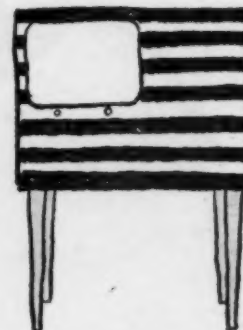
The "Weathermen"



The "Sabrina"



The "Betjeman"



The "Commercial"

Bernard Hollowood



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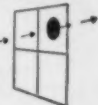
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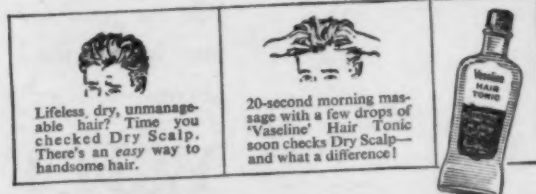
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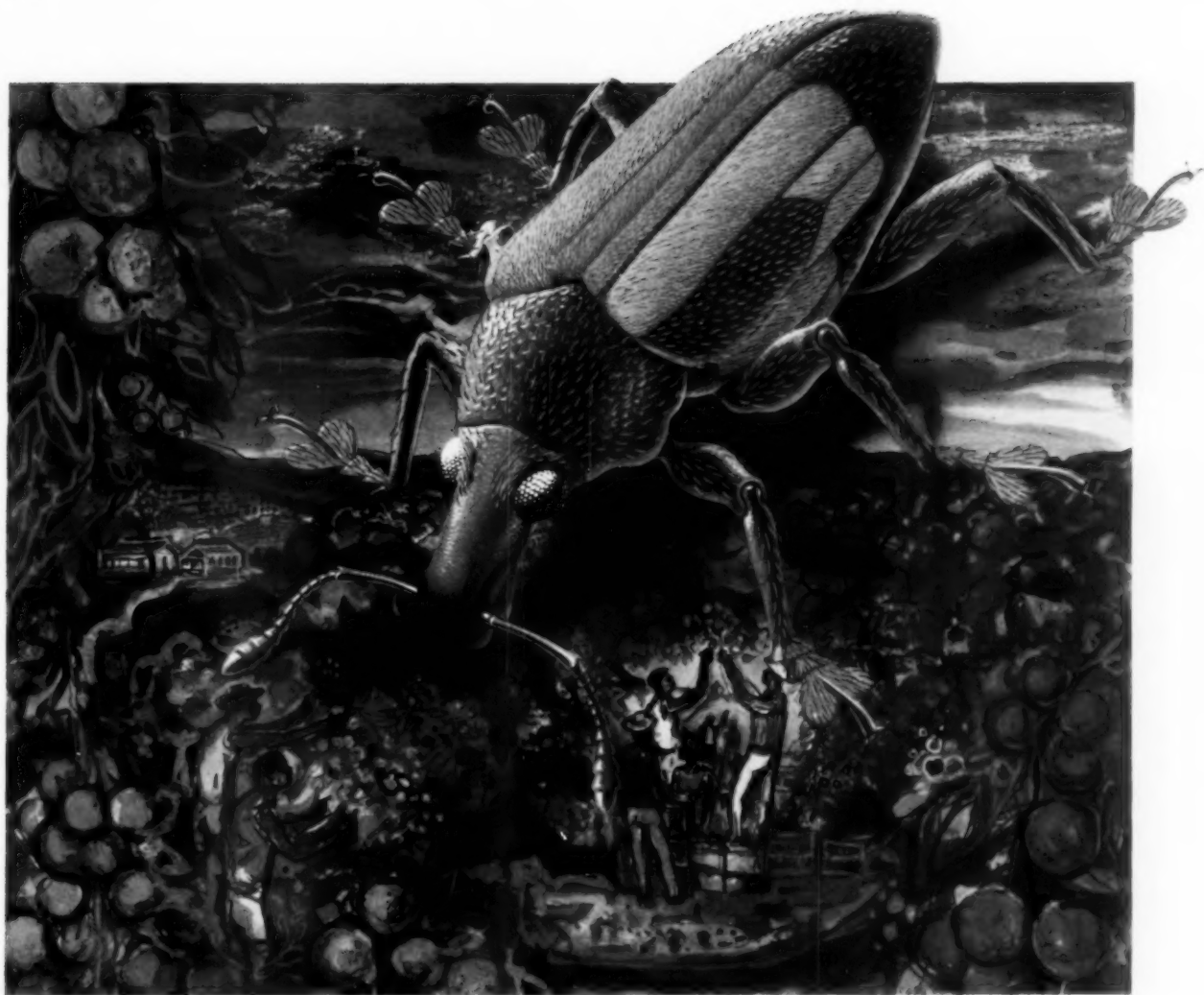
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A YEAR OF STRIKING PROGRESS

The twenty-sixth annual general meeting of The Decca Record Company Limited was held on February 17 in London. Sir Cyril F. Entwistle, Q.C., M.C. (the chairman), who presided said: The balance from the Consolidated Trading Account which amounts to £1,729,824, shows an increase over that of the previous year of £28,618 and is the highest ever achieved by the Company. The net profit amounts to £538,331. The consolidated sales for the year were £1,100,000 greater. The Record business showed a further expansion with increased profits shown by both the parent company and our subsidiaries in the U.S.A. and Canada. The Decca Navigator Division made further striking progress during the year. The Decca Radar Division maintained its leading position in the Marine Radar field and at the end of the Company's year introduced a new Marine Radar which has made an important contribution towards the turnover for the current year. Total exports of the Group amounted to £2,600,000 of which no less than £800,000 represented sales to the U.S.A. and Canada.

The Current Year

So far as the current year is concerned, our Record business has shown a substantial increase over that of the same period of the previous year, the production at our factories being greater than during any similar period. Whilst the sales of popular records have increased, we have also maintained our leading position in the classical recording field. As a result of our activities we have recorded no less than 18 Operas during the last twelve months. We have under contract an incomparable array of international operatic stars, including Renati Tebaldi and Mario Del Monaco.



Decca Tele-radio-gram



Marine Radar Pedestal

The Bendix Aviation Corporation, Detroit, has been extremely active in the U.S.A. in connection with the exploitation of the Decca system and we are hopeful that developments of major significance will take place during the next few years.

Radar

Orders for the new Marine Radar fully justified our hopes, and we have at the present time a large backlog of orders. Orders have also increased during the current year for the Type 45 Marine Radar. Important contracts have also been obtained for meteorological radar and various types of Airfield Control Radar together with equipment adapted particularly for military purposes.

We have manufactured over 60 per cent. of all British made marine radar since the war, of which more than half has been exported, the percentage of exports for the current year being over 70 per cent. Good progress has been made with the development of our first electronic computer. Total contracts of the Radar Division outstanding at the present time amount to over £6,000,000. The substantial increase in turnover for the current year should offset the continued rise in costs. Output of the Group for the first nine months of the current year has shown an increase of £2,400,000, equivalent to 35 per cent. over that of the previous year, an expansion in which all sections have participated.

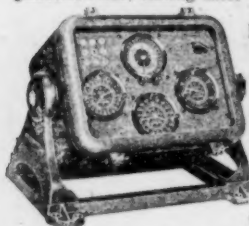


Airfield Radar

The Navigator

Navigator hirings have continued to increase at a somewhat higher rate than that of previous years. The total contracts for hire and sale of Decca Navigator receivers, both for air and marine purposes, now total 3,000 units. In October last the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation issued a circular for information, guidance and necessary action in connection with the United Kingdom policy on Short Range Radio Navigational Aids, stating inter alia that "the United Kingdom believes that it is only by using Decca—with its area coverage pictorial presentation and high accuracy characteristics—that the maximum flexibility, expedition and safety of air traffic can be assured."

British European Airways has decided to equip all its main line fleet of aircraft, including the 22 new Viscount Majors on order, with the Decca Navigational System.



Decca Navigator (Marine)

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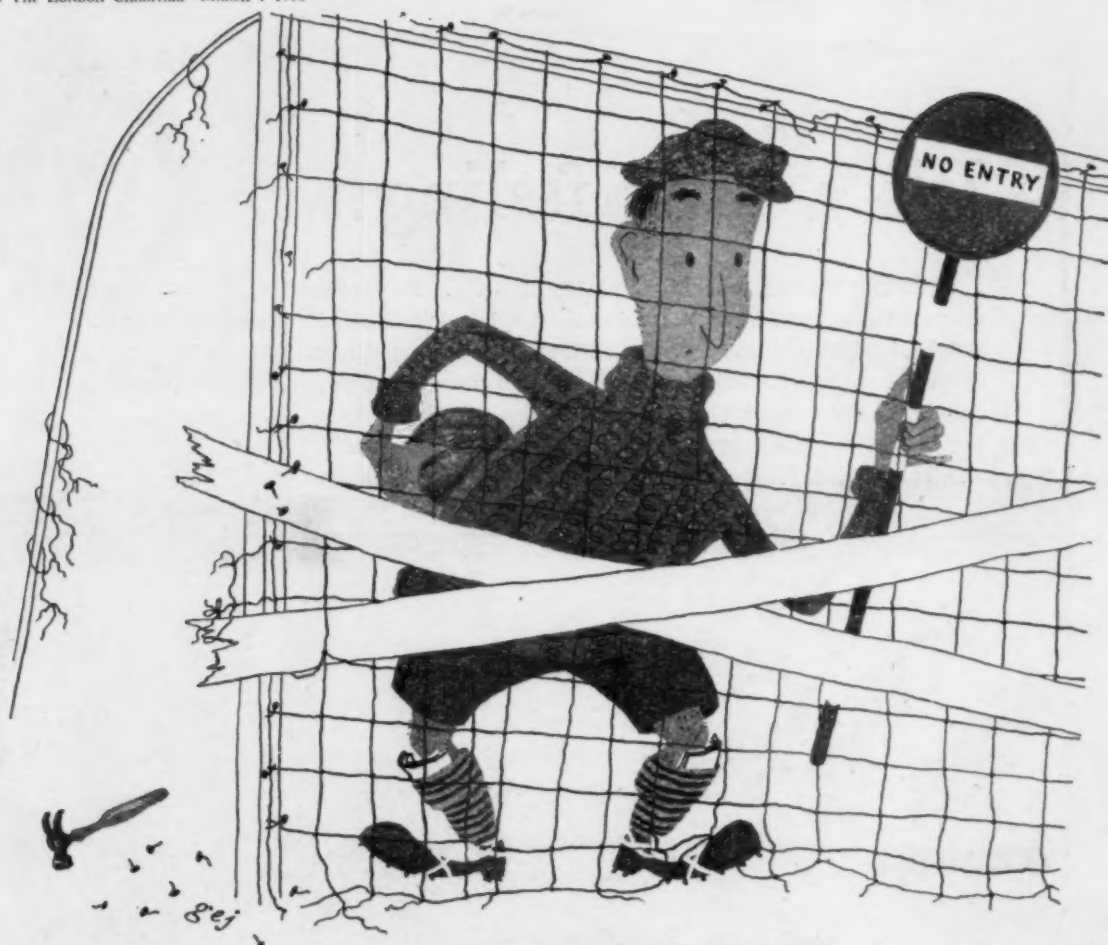
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